NAPOLEON BONAPARTE

WAS HE THE MAN OF POPULAR HISTORY

BY

JAMES AUGUSTUS EDWARDS

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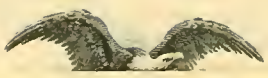
THE design which appears upon the front cover of this book has been selected as being most appropriate, in that it represents Napoleon's favorite flower, and shows at the right Napoleon's profile, at the left that of Marie Louise, and in the lower center that of the King of Rome.



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NAPOLEON, FIRST CONSUL

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Was he the Man of Popular History?

BY

JAMES AUGUSTUS EDWARDS

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TO MY WIFE

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE

WAS HE THE MAN OF POPULAR HISTORY?

It is greatly to be regretted that the character of Napoleon Bonaparte is so misunderstood and generally condemned. History does not contain a personage so fascinating and at the same time more interesting, about whom there is such a diversity of opinion.

That this is so, is largely due to the English, who pursued him with relentless hatred, misrepresenting his character, ridiculing his motives, and finally contributing more largely than any other nation to his downfall.

The exaggerated statements of his enemies were received with avidity, and, where it was possible, enlarged upon and given the greatest publicity by the press, and from

repeated reiterations finally became accepted as historical facts, and were and are to this day used in most accounts of his life. It is from these that the general reader has formed his or her opinion, and while time has discovered many official documents and much private correspondence which stamp most of these so-called anecdotes and acts as without foundation, gradually a clearer conception of his character is becoming more possible; nevertheless, as is usually the case, the contradiction of a statement is never given the same publicity or as widely read as is the original statement, especially where a wrong is to be corrected; therefore, it is not as generally known that these reports were the "invention of the enemy."

Again, Napoleon is placed at a great disadvantage by being judged from a nineteenth-century standpoint. Is it not absolutely impossible after a lapse of a hundred years of unprecedented advancement in science, literature and art, to calmly sit in judgment on Napoleon's motives and intentions, and

give him a fair trial? Would it not be more just to compare him with his contemporaries, Alexander I of Russia, Francis II of Austria, Frederick William III of Prussia, and George IV of England, taking into consideration the conditions and traditions of the times, and, what is equally important, the condition of the people, both morally and intellectually? It should be borne in mind that Napoleon appeared on the scene of action, following the profligate reign of Louis XV and the degenerate reign of Louis XVI, at a time that made the French Revolution a possibility, and later, a stern reality; when the army was the power behind the throne, whose influence was overwhelming; when law was trampled under foot and set at defiance by the King and his courtiers. To these, life was a long holiday of riotous pleasure and voluptuousness. Religion had become a byword and jest, and it was the fashion to be both a scoffer and an unbeliever. The people had no rights that were respected, and

finally new indignities and additional taxation being more than they could bear, after years of suffering they rebelled. One extreme followed another; in proportion to the severity with which they had been held in bondage, in the same ratio did they riot when liberated by the Revolution. How true it is, that in the times of the greatest emergencies in the histories of the various nations, when law and order seemed threatened with annihilation, nature appears to have foreseen the crisis, and to have furnished characters that restored peace and brought order out of chaos. Such were Cromwell, Washington, Napoleon and Lincoln. How often we have heard the question: "How was France benefited by Napoleon?" Did he not give her a religion, and force her to respect it? Did he not give to France and the world the Code Napoleon? Both of these great undertakings were accomplished in ten years. Can we recall another ruler, either before or since, that accomplished more? Since it is impossible

for us to retrocede a century and judge with the same feelings as of that time, let us consult a few of his contemporaries, and if possible from their opinions derive more light as to the character of the man, rather than the monarch; and let us hope that in time posterity will give to Napoleon the credit that is due him, and perceive that he was richly endowed with the milk of human kindness, but that on account of the peculiar position he occupied, was not permitted at all times to give vent to his better feelings. I make no pretensions to independent or original research, but simply wish to lay before you briefly the opinion of a number of authorities, some of whom, on account of their close connections with Napoleon, cannot be passed over lightly, and which it is hoped will be of interest.

The following is from Henri Taine's remarkable essay on Napoleon:

"He is not only out of the common run, but there is no standard of measurement for him; through his temperament, instincts,

faculties, imagination, passions, and moral constitution, he seems cast in a different mould, composed of another metal than that which enters into a composition of his fellows and contemporaries. Evidently, he is not a Frenchman, nor a man of the eighteenth century; he belongs to another race and another epoch; we detect in him, at the first glance, the foreigner, the Italian, and something more apart and beyond these, surprising all similitude and analogy. Extraordinary and superior, made to command and to conquer."

Madame de Staël says: "Every time I heard him talk I was struck with his superiority and soon found that his character was not to be described in terms commonly employed."

Roeder (Deputy) who saw Bonaparte daily at the meetings of the Council of State, and who noted every evening the impressions of the day, says: "Punctual at every sitting, prolonging the sessions five or six hours, discussing before and afterward

the subjects brought forward, always returning to two questions, 'Is that *just?* Is that *useful?*' Never did the Council adjourn without its members knowing more than the day before."

Following is an extract from Josephine to her daughter, Hortense:

"How could you conceive that I participate in such ridiculous, or, perhaps, malicious opinions? No! you do not think that I believe you to be my rival. We, indeed, both reign in the same bosom, though by very different, yet equally sacred right, and they who, in the affection which my husband manifests for you, have pretended to discover other sentiments than those of a parent and a friend, know not his soul. His is a mind too elevated above the vulgar ever to be accessible to the passions. That of glory, if you will, engrosses him too entirely for our repose, but at least glory inspires nothing vile. Such are my professions of faith."

Extracts from a letter written by Josephine to the Countess de Girardin:

"The Emperor, indignant at the total disregard of morality, and alarmed at the progress it might still make, is resolved that the example of a life of regularity and of religion shall be given in the palace where he commands, desirous of strengthening more and more the church re-established by himself."

De Sainte Amand says: "Much has been said about the pride of Napoleon; on this score we must distinguish the different persons in him—the public man, and private individual. The public man was compelled to assume more majesty than any other sovereign; the more recent the grandeur, the more formal he was obliged to be. The General, when he became Emperor, had to keep at a distance those old companions in arms who formerly were his equals and treated him as a comrade. Familiarity would have been an attack on his prestige, and would have lessened his authority. In the presence of the court he had to be a living statue, never coming down from his

pedestal. . . . . But the private individual in no way resembled the public man. When he entered his home, he laid aside his commanding gravity as a uniform, which one takes off in order to be at ease; he became affable and familiar. He joked sometimes, even somewhat noisily. He was no longer a proud potentate, a terrible conqueror; he was a good husband who rejoiced with his wife, a good father devoted to his child."

His valet, Constant, tells us: "As a father and a husband, Napoleon might have served as a model to all his subjects."

General the Count de Sagur said: "In his private relations, Napoleon was quiet and confiding, taking especial pleasure in men of honor, whose delicacy and honesty were beyond doubt, as well as irreproachable women."

Capt. F. L. Maitland, in his narration of the surrender of Bonaparte, and of his residence on board the Bellerophone, says: "It may appear surprising that a possibility

could exist of a British officer being prejudiced in favor of one who had caused so many calamities to his country, but to such an extent did he possess the power of pleasing, that there are few people who could have sat at the same table with him for a month, as did I, without feeling a sensation of pity, allied perhaps to regret, that a man possessed of so many fascinating qualities, and having held so high a station in life, should be reduced to the situation in which I saw him." Again Captain Maitland says: "One morning, he (Napoleon) began to talk of his wife and child, and desired Marchand to bring him two or three miniature pictures to show me; he spoke of them with much feeling and affection. 'I feel,' said he, 'the conduct of the allied Sovereigns to be more cruel and unjustifiable towards me in that respect than in any other. Why should they deprive me of the comforts of domestic society, and take from me what must be the dearest objects of affection to every man, my child, and the mother of

EMPEROR NAPOLEON

my child?' On his expressing himself as above, I looked him steadily in the face to observe whether he showed any emotion. The tears were standing in his eyes, and the whole of his countenance appeared evidently under the influence of a strong feeling of regret."

* The following are extracts from letters written by Marie Louise to her father, the Emperor of Austria, (1810):

"I assure you, dear papa, that the Emperor (Napoleon) has been much calumniated. The more intimately one sees him, the more one appreciates and loves him." April 21, 1811, she wrote as follows:

"My Dear Father: You may imagine my immense happiness. I could never believe that I could experience such joy. My affection for my husband has increased, if such a thing were possible, since the birth of his son. I am still moved to tears when I think of all the marks of tenderness he has shown me; these marks would attach

* De Sainte Amand.

me to him, even if I had not already been so by reason of all of his good qualities."

In announcing the birth of his son, on returning to his room, Napoleon said: "Well, gentlemen, we have a fine vigorous boy;" and added, with profound tenderness, "My dear wife, how courageous she was, and how she suffered; I would rather have no more children, than to see her suffer so again."

Baron de Menerval in his memoirs says:

"Even when most displeased, Napoleon never gave way to ridiculous passion. Great was his dignity, and greatly as he commanded respect in public audience, and under solemn circumstances, so greatly was he easy, familiar and gay in private life. An active benevolence which sprang from his heart, as much when he was vexed as when he was pleased, was felt by his own people, by his ministers, and by his officers, and his servants. In short, very often his graciousness and his favor went out to seek first some and then others, at times

when they least expected it." And again, the same writer says:

"How often have I watched the Emperor keeping his son at his side, as though he were impatient to initiate him in the art of government; either seated on his favorite settee near the mantelpiece, which was decorated with two magnificent bronze busts of Scipio and Hannibal, occupied in reading some important report, or going to his writing table, which was cut out like wings, to sign a dispatch, each word of which had to be weighed; his son, seated on his knee, or pressed against his bosom, never left him. Endowed with a marvelous power of concentration, Napoleon was able at one and the same time to attend to serious matters, and to lend himself to a child's fancies. Sometimes, putting aside all his preoccupation, he would lie down on the floor at the side of his darling son, and play with him as a child himself, looking out for what would amuse him, or spare him vexation."

The Duchess d' Abrantes in her memoirs

says: "The Emperor, notwithstanding his immense genius, had a weak side, which chained him to humanity."

The following will give us an idea of Napoleon's religious views: Menerval says, "Napoleon loved his religion, and wished to honor it, and render it prosperous. This is proved by the concordat."

The Duchess d' Abrantes tells us that on Napoleon's return from Elba, while at Grenoble he was introduced to a curate. "Ah, is it you, M. le Cure," said Napoleon, "who spoke so injuriously of me every Sunday in your sermons to the cook maids?" "Ah, Mon Dieu," answered the troubled ecclesiastic, "I assure you sire——" "Oh, I know you are a good priest; go on if it amuses you. I permit liberty of worship." The poor curate remained stupefied. Napoleon seeing him so unhappy said, "Come, think no more of it, only be kind and charitable towards all. That is the true law of Jesus Christ."

Napoleon, April the 15th, 1821, in his

will declares as follows: "I die in the apostolic Roman religion, in the bosom of which I was born, more than fifty years ago."

The testimony of Napoleon to the divinity of Christ.

In a conversation with General Bertrand at St. Helena, Napoleon said as follows:

"I know men, and I tell you that Jesus Christ is not a man. Superficial minds see a resemblance between Christ and the founders of empires and the gods of other religions. That resemblance does not exist. There is between Christianity and whatever other religion the distance of infinity.

"We can say to the authors of every other religion: 'You are neither gods nor the agents of Deity. You are but missionaries of falsehood, molded from the same clay with the rest of mortals. You are made with all the passions and vices inseparable from them. Your temples and your priests proclaim your origin.' Such will be the judgment, the cry of conscience of who-

ever examines the gods and the temples of paganism.

"Paganism was never accepted as truth by the wise men of Greece, neither by Socrates, Pythagoras, Plato, Anaxagoras or Pericles. But on the other side, the loftiest intellects since the advent of Christianity have had faith, a living faith, a practical faith in the mysteries and the doctrines of the Gospel; not only Bossuet and Fèneleon, who were preachers, but Descartes and Newton, Leibnitz and Pascal, Corneille and Racine, Charlemagne and Louis XIV.

"Paganism is the work of man. One can here read but our imbecility. What do these gods, so boastful, know more than other mortals? These legislators, Greek or Roman? This Numa? This Lycurgus? These priests of India or of Memphis? This Confucius? This Mohammed? Absolutely nothing. There is not one among all who said anything new in reference to our future destiny, to the soul, to the essence of God, to the creation. Enter

the sanctuaries of Paganism — you there find perfect chaos, a thousand contradictions, war between the gods, the immobility of sculpture, the division and rending of unity, the parceling out of the divine attributes, mutilated or denied in their essence, the sophisms of ignorance and presumption, polluted fêtes, impurity and abomination adored, all sorts of corruption festering in the thick shades, with the rotten wood, the idol and his priests. Does this honor God, or does it dishonor Him? Are these religions and these gods to be compared with Christianity?

"As for me, I say, No. I summon entire Olympus to my tribunal. I judge the gods, but am far from prostrating myself before their vain images. The gods, the legislators of India and of China, of Rome and of Athens, have nothing which can overawe me. Not that I am unjust to them; no, I appreciate them, because I know their value. Undeniably princes whose existence is fixed in the memory as an image of order and of

power, as the ideal of force and beauty; such princes were no ordinary men.

"I see in Lycurgus, Numa and Mohammed only legislators, who, having the first rank in the state, have sought the best solution of the social problem; but I see nothing there which reveals divinity. They themselves have never raised their pretensions so high. As for me, I recognize the gods and these great men as beings like myself. They have performed a lofty part in their times, as I have done. Nothing announces them divine. On the contrary, there are numerous resemblances between them and myself, foibles and errors which ally them to me, and to humanity.

"It is not so with Christ. Everything in Him astonishes me. Between Him and whoever else in the world there is no possible term of comparison. He is truly a Being of Himself. His ideas and His sentiments, the truths which He announces, His manner of convincing, are not explained

either by human organization or by nature of things.

"His birth, and the history of His life; the profundity of His doctrines, which grapple the mightiest difficulties, and which is, of those difficulties, the most admirable solution; His gospel, His apparition, His empire, His march across the ages and the realms, everything, is for me a prodigy, a mystery insoluble, which plunges me into a reverie from which I cannot escape; a mystery which is there before my eyes, a mystery which I can neither deny nor explain. Here I see nothing human.

"The nearer I approach, the more carefully I examine, everything is above me, everything remains grand — of a grandeur which overpowers. His religion is a revelation from an intelligence which certainly is not that of man. There is there a profound originality, which has created a series of words and maxims before unknown. Jesus borrowed nothing from our sciences. One can absolutely find nowhere, but in Him

alone, the imitation or the example of His life. He is not a philosopher, since He advances by miracles, and from the commencement His disciples worshiped Him. He persuades them far more by an appeal to the heart than by any display of method and of logic. Neither did He impose upon them any preliminary studies or any knowledge of letters. All of His religion consists in *believing*.

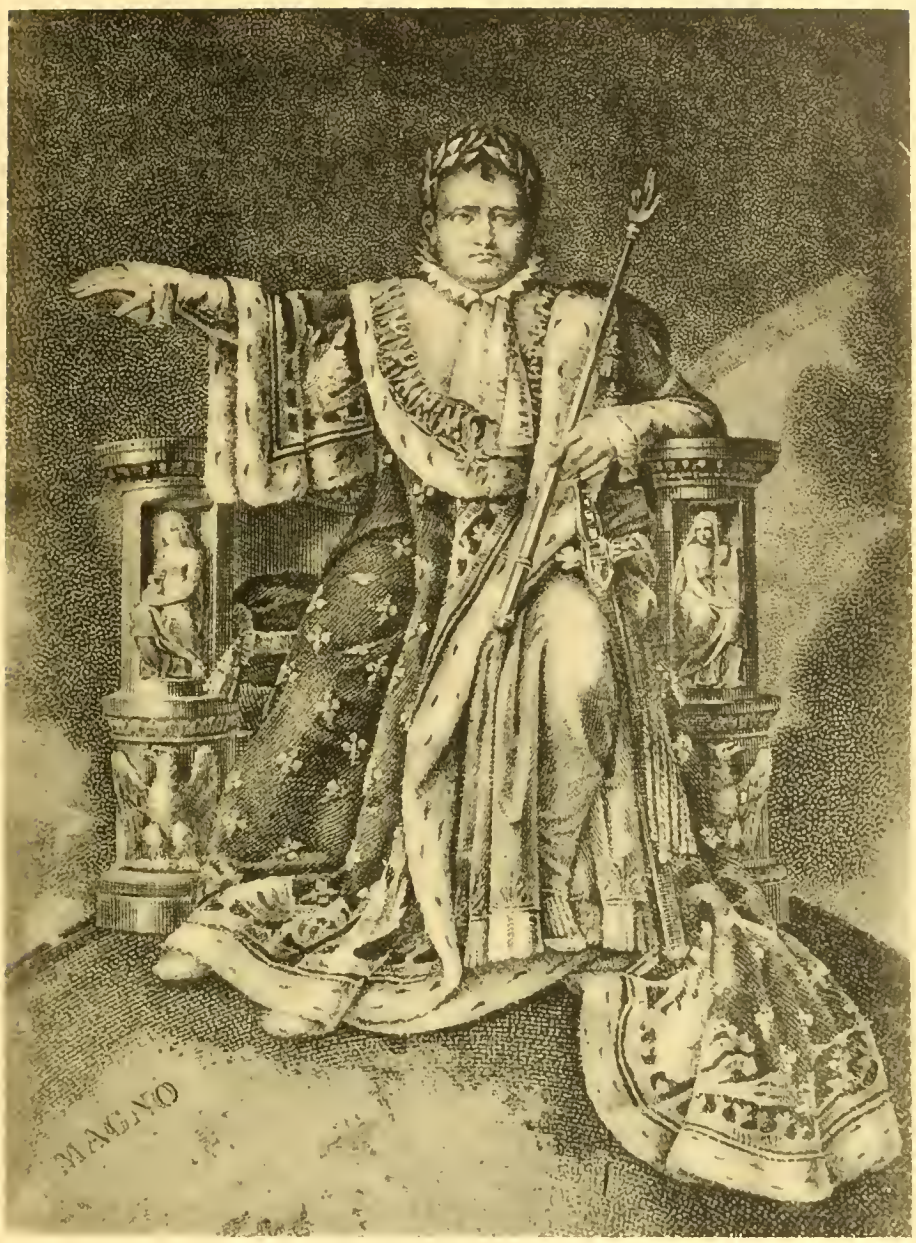
"In fact, the sciences and philosophy avail nothing for salvation; and Jesus came into the world to reveal the mysteries of Heaven and the laws of the spirit. Also, he had nothing to do with but the soul, and to that alone He brings His Gospel. The soul is sufficient for Him, as He is sufficient for the soul. Before Him the soul was nothing. Matter and time were the masters of the world. At His voice everything returns to order. Science and philosophy become secondary. The soul has conquered its sovereignty. All the scholastic scaffolding falls, as an edifice ruined, before one single word, *faith*.

"What a master and what a word, which can effect such a revolution! With what authority does he teach men to pray? He imposes His belief, and no one, thus far, has been able to contradict Him; first, because the Gospel contains the purest morality, and also, because the doctrine which it contains of obscurity, is only the proclamation and the truth of that which exists where no eye can see, and no reason can penetrate. Who is the insensate who will say *no* to the intrepid voyager who recounts the marvels of the icy peaks which he alone has had the boldness to visit? Christ is that bold voyager. One can doubtless remain incredulous, but no one can venture to say, *It is not so.*

"Moreover consult the philosophers upon those mysterious questions, which relate to the essence of man and to the essence of religion. What is their response? Where is the man of good sense who has ever learned anything from the system of metaphysics, ancient or modern, which is not

truly a vain and pompous idealogy, without any connection with our domestic life, with our passions? Unquestionably, with skill of thinking, one can seize the key of the philosophy of Socrates and Plato; but, to do this, it is necessary to be a metaphysician; and moreover, with years of study, one must possess special aptitude. But, good sense alone, the heart, and honest spirit, are sufficient to comprehend Christianity.

"The Christian religion is neither idealogy nor metaphysics, but a practical rule which directs the actions of man, counsels him, and assists him in all his conduct. The Bible contains a complete series of facts and of historical men, to explain time and eternity, such as no other religion has to offer. If this is not the true religion, one is very excusable in being deceived, for everything in it is grand and worthy of God. I search in vain in history to find the similar to Jesus Christ, or anything which can approach the Gospel. Neither history, nor humanity, nor the ages, nor nature, can



NAPOLEON, EMPEROR AND KING

offer me anything, with which I am able to compare it or explain it. Here everything is extraordinary. The more I consider the Gospel, the more I am assured there is nothing there which is not beyond the march of events and above the human mind. Even the impious themselves have never dared to deny the sublimity of the Gospel, which inspires them with a sort of compulsory veneration. What happiness that book procures for them who believe it! What marvels those admire there who reflect upon it! Book unique, where the mind finds a moral beauty before unknown, and an idea of the Supreme superior even to that which creation suggests. Who but God could procure that type, that ideal of perfection, equally exclusive and original?

"Christ, having but a few weak disciples, was condemned to death. He dies the object of the wrath of the Jewish priests and the contempt of the nation, and abandoned and denied by His own disciples.

"'They are about to take me, and to

crucify me,' said He. 'I shall be abandoned of all the world. My chief disciple will deny me at the commencement of my punishment. I shall be left to the wicked. But, then, divine justice being satisfied, original sin being expiated by my sufferings, the bond of man and God will be renewed, and my death will be the life of my disciples. Then they will be more strong without me than with me, for they will see me rise again. I shall ascend to the skies, and I shall send them from heaven a spirit who will instruct them. The spirit of the cross will enable them to understand my Gospel. In fine, they will believe it, they will preach it, and they will convert the world.'

"And this strange promise, so aptly called by Paul, the 'foolishness of the Cross'; this prediction of the miserable crucified, is literally accomplished, and the mode of the accomplishment is, perhaps, more prodigious than the promise.

"It is not a day nor a battle which has

decided it. Is it the lifetime of a man? No, it is a war, a long combat of three hundred years, commenced by the apostles, and continued by their successors, and by succeeding generations of Christians. In this conflict all the kings and all the forces of the earth were arrayed on one side. Upon the other I see no army, but a mysterious energy, individuals scattered here and there in all parts of the globe, having no other rallying sign than a common faith in the mysteries of the cross.

"What a mysterious symbol! The instrument of the punishment of the man-God. His disciples were armed with it. 'The Christ,' they said, 'God has died for the salvation of men.' What a strife, what a tempest, these words have raised around the humble standard of the sufferings of the man-God! On the one side, we see rage and all the furies of hatred and violence; on the other, there is gentleness, moral courage, infinite resignation. For three hundred years spirit struggled against

brutality of sense, the conscience against despotism, the soul against the body, virtue against all the vices. The blood of Christians flowed in torrents. They died kissing the hand which slew them. The soul alone protested, while the body surrendered itself to all tortures. Everywhere Christians fell, and everywhere they triumphed.

"You speak of Cæsar, of Alexander; of their conquests, and of the enthusiasm they enkindled in the hearts of their soldiers; but can you conceive of a dead man making conquests with an army faithful and entirely devoted to his memory? My armies have forgotten me, even while living, as the Carthaginian army forgot Hannibal. Such is our power. A single battle lost crushes us, and adversity scatters our friends.

"Can you conceive of Cæsar, the eternal Emperor of the Roman senate, and from the depths of his mausoleum governing the Empire, watching over the destinies of Rome? Such is the history of the invasion and conquest of the world by Christianity.

Such is the power of the God of the Christians; and such is the perpetual miracle of the progress of the faith and of the government of His Church. Nations pass away, thrones crumble, but the Church remains. What is, then, the power that has protected the Church, thus assailed by the furious billows of rage, and the hostility of ages? Where is the arm which, for eighteen hundred years, has protected the Church from so many storms which have threatened to engulf it?

"In every other instance, but that of Christ, how many imperfections. Where is the character which has not yielded, vanquished by obstacles? Where is the individual who has never been governed by circumstances or places, who has never succumbed to the influence of the times, who has never computed with any customs or passions? From the first day to the last He is the same, always the same, majestic and simple, infinitely firm, and infinitely gentle.

"Truth should embrace the universe. Such is Christianity, the only religion which destroys sectional prejudice, the only one which proclaims the unity and the absolute brotherhood of the whole human family, the only one which is purely spiritual—in fine, the only one which assigns to all, without distinction, for a true country the bosom of the Creator, God. Christ proved that He was the Son of the Eternal by His disregard of Time. All His doctrines signify only one and the same thing—*Eternity*.

"It is true that Christ proposed to our faith a series of mysteries. He commands, with authority, that we should believe them, giving no other reason than those tremendous words, 'I am God.' He declares it. What an abyss He creates by that declaration between Himself and all the fabrications of religion. What audacity, what sacrilege, what blasphemy, if it were not true. I say more: The universal triumph of an affirmation of that kind, if the triumph were not

really that of God Himself, would be a plausible excuse and a reason for Atheism.

"Moreover, in propounding mysteries Christ is harmonious with nature, which is profoundly mysterious. From whence do I come? Whither do I go? Who am I? Human life is a mystery in its origin, its organization, and its end. In man, and out of man, in nature, everything is mysterious. And can one wish that religion should not be mysterious? The creation and the destiny of the world are an unfathomable abyss, as also is the creation and the destiny of each individual. Christianity at least does not evade these great questions. It meets them boldly. And our doctrines are a solution of them for every one who believes.

"The Gospel possesses a secret virtue, a mysterious efficacy, a warmth which penetrates and soothes the heart. One finds in meditating upon it that which one experiences in contemplating the heavens. The Gospel is not a book; it is a living being, with an action, a power which invades every-

thing that opposes its extension. Behold it upon this table, this Book surpassing all others. (Here the Emperor solemnly placed his hand upon it.) I never omit to read it, and every day with the same pleasure.

"Nowhere is to be found such a series of beautiful ideas, admirable moral maxims, which defile, like the battalions of a celestial army, and which produce in our soul the same emotion which one experiences in contemplating the infinite expanse of the skies, resplendent on a summer's night with all the brilliance of the stars. Not only is our mind absorbed, it is controlled, and the soul can never go astray with this Book for its guide. Once master of our spirit, the faithful Gospel loves us. God even is our friend, is our father, and truly our God. The mother has no greater care for the infant whom she nurses.

"What a proof of the divinity of Christ! With an Empire so absolute, He has but one single end, the spiritual amelioration of individuals, the purity of conscience, the union,

to that which is true, the holiness of the soul.

"Christ speaks, and at once generations become His by stricter, closer ties than those of blood—by the most sacred, the most indissoluble of all unions. He lights up the flame of a love which consumes self-love, which prevails over every other love. The founders of other religions never conceived of this mystical love, which is the essence of Christianity, and is beautifully called Charity. In every attempt to effect this thing, namely, to make Himself beloved, man deeply feels his own impotence. So that Christ's greatest miracle undoubtedly is the reign of *Charity*.

"I have so inspired multitudes that they would die for me. God forbid that I should form any comparison between the enthusiasm of the soldier and the Christian Charity, which are as unlike as their cause. But, after all, my presence was necessary; the lightning of my eye, my voice, a word from me—then the sacred fire was kindled in their

hearts. I do, indeed, possess the secret of this magical power which lifts the soul, but I could never impart it to any one. None of my generals ever learned it from me; nor have I the means of perpetuating my name and love for me in the hearts of men, and to effect these things without physical means.

"Now that I am at St. Helena, now that I am alone, chained upon this rock, who fights and wins empires for me? Who are the courtiers of my misfortune? Who thinks of me? Who makes efforts for me in Europe? Where are my friends? Yes, two or three, whom your fidelity immortalizes, you share, you console my exile."

(Here the voice of the Emperor trembled with emotion, and for a moment he was silent; he then continued.)

"Yes, our life once shone with all the brilliance of the diadem and the throne; and yours, Bertrand, reflected that splendor, as the dome of the Invalides, gilt by us, reflects the rays of the sun. But disasters

came; the gold gradually became dim. The ruin of misfortune and outrage with which I am daily deluged has effaced all the brightness. We are mere lead now, General Bertrand, and soon I shall be in my grave.

"Such is the fate of great men. So it was with Cæsar, and Alexander; and I, too, am forgotten. And the name of a conqueror and an Emperor is a college theme. Our exploits are tasks given to pupils by their tutors, who sit in judgment upon us, awarding censure or praise. And mark what is soon to become of me. Assassinated by the English oligarchy, I die before my time; and my dead body, too, must return to the earth, to become food for worms. Behold the destiny near at hand of him who has been called the Great Napoleon. What an abyss between my deep misery and the eternal reign of Christ, which is proclaimed, loved, adored, and which is extending all over the earth. Is this to die? Is it not rather to live? The death of Christ. It is the death of God.

"General Bertrand, if you do not perceive that Jesus Christ is God, very well; then I did wrong to make you a General."

NAPOLEON AT ST. HELENA

THE GRAVE OF BONAPARTE

On a lone barren isle where the wild roaring billows
  Assail the stern rock and the loud tempests rave,
The hero lies still, while the dew-drooping willows,
  Like fond weeping mourners, leaned over the grave.
The lightnings may flash, and the loud thunder rattle,
  He heeds not, he hears not, he's free from all pain;
He sleeps his last sleep, he has fought his last battle,
  No sound can awake him to glory again.

Oh, shade of the Mighty, where now are the legions
  That rushed but to conquer when thou led'st them on?
Alas, they have perished in far hilly regions,
  And all save the fame of their triumph is gone.
The tempest may sound, and the loud cannon rattle,
  They heed not, they hear not, they're free from all pain;
They sleep their last sleep, they have fought their last battle,
  No sound can awake them to glory again.

Yet, spirit immortal, the tomb cannot bind thee,
  For like thine own eagle that soared to the sun,
Thou springest from bondage, and leavest behind thee
  A name, which before thee no mortal had won.
Though nations may combat and war's thunders rattle,
  No more on thy steed wilt thou sweep o'er the plain;
Thou sleep'st thy last sleep, thou hast fought thy last battle,
  No sound can awake thee to glory again.

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